

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

THE BEST Photoplay Department in WASHINGTON

Australian Theaters Pay More Attention to the Public's Demands

The people of Australia, it appears, enjoy advantages in the moving picture business that are being denied the people of this country. Australia is being described just now as the center of all that is good in the moving picture business. From the standpoint of the public, the interests of the public seem to be subserved there in photoplays, as they are in many other directions. And the exhibitors have found it to pay to consult the wishes of the public. That is, they consult the wishes of the public to the extent of demanding an examination of the pictures before they are shown on the screen. The exhibitors only show on the screen the kinds of pictures their public likes to see.

The business, it would appear, has been put on a legitimate basis by the men who conduct it, although, it is stated, there is still room for big improvement. J. D. Williams, who was well known in the picture business in this country, has recently returned to this country after several years spent in Australia, and he has written a most interesting account of his experiences for the Moving Picture World.

"Having spent four years in the moving picture business in Australia and being interested in all that pertains to the advancement of the industry, I am anxious that all the exhibitors in America should become acquainted with the conditions that exist in Australia," states Mr. Williams. "The articles by your W. Stephens Bush are doing much to bring to the exhibitor his sense of responsibility, and it will be of interest to most of the exhibitors to know that many of the benefits and the high standards which he is advancing have to a large degree already been accomplished in Australia."

"I shall never forget the first evening I spent in Australia at a picture show. Previously I was engaged in the business in America and I left for Australia because I believed from all I heard and read of conditions out there that there was an opportunity to develop a business in a way where originality and personal work would be more likely to count than in the United States. I had always chafed at the thought of not being able to select my own program, believing that therein was a fundamental principle of success in exhibiting motion pictures. While I thought I understood the conditions, of course, it was impossible to know the real situation before actually getting out there on the ground."

"On the evening referred to, I dropped into a picture show next door to the hotel where I was stopping. The show was being given by a man named Porter. The name of the theater was the Palace. Never have I enjoyed a motion picture so much. It had a seating capacity of about 1,200 and an orchestra of fifteen or more, intelligently directed by a leader whose name I afterwards learned was DeGroen, known as the Sousa of Australia. The music was beautiful and was used perfectly to the pictures. The general atmosphere was one of refinement throughout. I did not center my attention on the picture, but on the man who was directing it. As I had gone out with the idea of engaging in the business, I remarked to a couple of young men who accompanied me to Australia that I would have to go some to beat that, for truthfully I have never enjoyed an evening's entertainment more."

"During the time I remained in Australia I built several beautiful picture houses. I inaugurated the continuous show there, charging half the price usually demanded, and showing a program one-half as long. From the beginning I was successful. I had not gone very far before I found, however, that charging a cheap price of admission was a mistake, and in the last houses built the price was double that which I usually charged."

"In Australia the pictures are selected on their merits. The exhibitor is not a mere figurehead who gives whatever picture the exchange chooses to give him. However, most exhibitors do follow the lead of the houses in selecting their programs, but they know that the manager of these big houses has most carefully scrutinized every picture and passed upon its merits before it was shown in his theater. Nowhere else in Australia do they change their program more than twice each week. The picture theaters are very general users of newspaper space, and carry twice as much advertisement for their shows as the regular theaters do."

"The market conditions in Australia at present are not so good from the manufacturer's standpoint. The exchanges control the market there, and it is only human nature for them to buy their pictures as cheaply as possible. Some day the American manufacturers will realize the advantage of pooling their interests and maintaining an export department operated on their joint account with a view to marketing their joint products in foreign countries."

PHOTOPLAYS AND PHOTOPLAYERS

By GARDNER MACK.



ALFRED NORTON as Stanley Hargreaves, the millionaire who has disappeared in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

Behind the Screen

After several delays Otis Turner has at last started actual production of that wonderful four reeler, "Damon and Pythias." He is working at the new ranch with a full company in the little city built for this picture.

The Oz Film Co. started operations last week with a full list of players. Last week they advertised for sixty girls to be used in the stock company, and about 600 answered the ad. It was a busy day on the big stage and no trouble was experienced in getting pretty maidens for the work. Mr. Baum piloted the inspection party, and the studio is certainly a most complete and compact one.

"Porterhouse" Porter, who acts for some company in Los Angeles, has been adopted by the Venice Tigers, a league ball team, as its mascot. One day later he appeared during the last half of next to the last inning, and the home team was in arrears about two points. Immediately they came up and won the game, and he was dubbed mascot.

It's all right to be burgled, but when the scamps come on one's birthday, it is kind of aggravating. That is what Miss Clara Williams thinks. She returned to her home on her anniversary and found the place robbed. Her brother player fellows promise to remember her with articles to make up for the ones stolen.

"The Only Clue," one of those real life detective dramas is being put on by Jack O'Brien at the Mutual studios. The story is a strong one, and Eugene Pallette, Irene Hunt, and R. A. Walsh are handling it well.

The Sterling studio is guarded like a jail by a burly policeman who stands at the gate and turns away the applicants for extra work. We went to the studio this week with a camera, and another cop was on the job, and when his eye lit on the innocent camera, he refused entrance. No amount of explanation would do, no message sent through the screened window of Fred Bush's office, brought him out in the hurry and the zealous representative of justice was made to "see." After that he has been as nice as pie. At no studios do they allow visitors to bring cameras in.

The new concrete studio being built by Rosworth is fast nearing completion and will soon be ready for occupancy. The big plant is to be one of the most down to the minute and best on the Pacific coast. The whole place is spread over a generous lot, and facilities for producing great pictures are to be great.

Ruth Roland is playing the part of a private detective in a drama, or tragedy of her own. Some reckless driver of a large black runner hit the nimble racer of the speedy Ruth, and demolished one side of the handsome car. Ruth is still looking for the stranger who hit her car.

The Photoplayers' Club members are organizing a sleep club and will soon make music at coming affairs. A large

THE ONLY Department Representing THE PUBLIC

WHAT THEY'RE SHOW- ING IN WASHINGTON.

TODAY.
Mutual program, Central Park, Ninth near G street.
Dorothy Bell in "The Convent Gate," Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.
"The Living Fear," Olympic Park, Fourteenth and V streets.
"The Creation," the Belasco, Lafayette square.
Warner feature and Mutual program, the Unnamed Theater, Twenty-second and P streets.

TOMORROW.
"A Jewish Maiden's Wrongs," and Mutual program, Central Park, Ninth near G street.
"The Tramp Priest," Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.
Gertrude Coghlan in "The Royal Box," Olympic Park, Fourteenth and V streets.
"The Creation," the Belasco, Lafayette square.

Lubin Stars Guests in Nearby Virginia Home

"Woodford," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hampton Williams, near Vienna, Va., was the scene of a most enjoyable old-time masquerade ball on the Fourth in honor of Justina and Louise Huff, leading ladies of the Lubin studio, Norristown, Pa., who motored down for the occasion. The old dancing porch was a bower of exquisite beauty from the center ceiling of which hung a huge Japanese umbrella with tiny lanterns dangling from the tips. A profusion of ferns and flowers was tastefully arranged about the beams and pillars. A laughable skit was given by Harry Armstrong and Ed Salisbury, while Miss Wooland, of Washington, presented a graceful dance in the costume of a Greek goddess.

The Mieson goddess, accompanied by their uncle, Ed Salisbury, and Edgar Jones, the latter being a leading man and director of the Lubin Company, left Washington for Norristown in their car Monday morning. Mr. Jones and Louise Huff were married last January, and have a host of friends and admirers in Washington.

Baggot to Be the Hero in Brandenburg Stories

Broughton Brandenburg has contracted for the photoplay rights to his well-known series of detective stories, telling of the adventures of Lawrence Baggot and King Bagges, Imp player and director, will be featured as the detective. "The House of Doors," the first of the series to be published, appeared ten years ago in the Metropolitan Magazine. That story has been reprinted eight times in America. In book form over eight hundred thousand copies are out. There are forty stories in the series.

To Film the Surviving Elector of Lincoln

The sole remaining elector of President Lincoln, Judge J. H. Dittmer, has made his first and only appearance in moving pictures recently, when he posed for 20 feet of film at the Lanky studios, to be used in the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company screen production of "The Warrents of Virginia."

The picture of Judge Dittmer, in which he appeared in the role of a Southern Senator, will be used in the picture of the play, and a copy of the picture will be presented to the judge's family. David Belasco directed the picture.

Famous Actor's Home Now House of Mystery

Francis Wilson, the comedian built a fine home at New Rochelle, N. Y., some years ago. Efforts were made to lease the house for making the films for "The Million Dollar Mystery," the Thalhouser Mutual Serial, but the owner refused to close the deal when he learned that hundreds of soldiers, actors and camera men would be camped in the yard for several weeks. Thereupon President Hite of the Thalhouser Company, asked the price of the property, and when told that it was held at \$20,000 he bought it. This is the highest price ever paid for a house to be used in making a motion picture.

Leonard Was Defeated.

During a heated discussion over the ancient art of pantomime at the Photo Players' Club the other evening Bob Leonard, of the Universal, declared that there is not a thing on earth that cannot be expressed facially. "I can tell my audience anything without speaking a word," said he. "Is that so?" asked Fred Mack, who up to this time was playing the part of a listener. "I'll test you. Kindly walk to the other end of this room and express in your face the fact that you have a younger brother who was born in New York, but is now living in San Francisco." That ended the discussion.

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Lying and Stealing As Child Problems

Right for Right's Sake Lies at Basis of Self-Control,
Declares Mrs. Fred T. Dubois—Greater Re-
verence for Spiritual Things Urged.

Lying and stealing by the child are questions allied to the development of self-control and discipline.

In the next few talks with parents, Mrs. Dubois will attempt to help parents in solving the perplexing problems of childhood. Those who are anxious about such traits in their children are invited to write Mrs. Dubois, who, in these columns, will endeavor to extend such help. She will endeavor to give a personal answer to each letter, in addition.

By MRS. FRED T. DUBOIS.

A little lad, ten years old, came rushing into the house one day. One could tell from his flushed face that something of a very weighty character was on his mind. "Mother," he said, "is it all right to play with girls. The boys out here in the yard laugh at me and call me a sissy. Is it all right, mother?"

"Why, yes, my son, it is very proper and I love to have you play with these nice little girls."

"All right," he said. "If it's right, it's right, and I don't care how much the boys laugh."

O, little man! If you but knew how many times your little experience had helped me solve life's knotty problems in the years that have passed since I was a child.

That morning, I do not know where you are, but I have never feared for you. I am though but a babe, you had found a test to apply to all questions that perplexed you. "IF IT IS RIGHT—IT'S RIGHT, AND I DON'T CARE WHAT OTHERS SAY."

The principle we need to develop in the youth, in olden times, the youth was given questions whereby he might daily examine himself, and thus develop conscience and a high standard of morality. We have been rushing along at such a mad pace that we do not even have time any more for family prayers or a blessing at the table.

We need greater reverence for spiritual things developed in our nation. Not a Sunday religion, but the living kind that goes with us to our beds and recognizes the Master as the Living Big Brother, ever ready and willing to help.

In this way self-control is developed and the nobler kind of discipline, that causes a man to be a master of himself instead of being down to cheap idols. This is the need of our children. In olden times, children were forced to obey. Now they do as they please. This is a wrong course to follow.

Of course, once in awhile, they are bribed or coerced to listen, but to do right for right's sake is the ideal toward which we must train.

Training, rather than forcing, is the watchword. "The child comes into life with a potential capital. That capital is expressed in terms of motor activity, in its physical side and in terms of curiosity and will on its mental side. What means this ruling, jousting, bounding, teasing of the child? Why, when it is told to sit still for just a moment, does it wriggle and twist and squirm?"

"Does it make these responses in opposition to the expressed will of the parent?" No, a thousand times, no! Barring exceptions, it reacts in this way, because it cannot help it.

"By nature its body is uncharged with a surplus of nervous energy. It must give expression to that energy, for, by means of that expression, its nervous and muscular system develops."

"And it will, restrain it, and the result will be arrested development."

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TIMES BEDTIME STORY



TOM TABBY GETS A JAR.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

ONE bright sunny morning two small white cotton horses found their way to Tabbyland. You know that all of the toys that children throw away or become tired of, finally disappear, and all of the ones who know the way go to Tabbyland, where they live forever.

Tom Tabby and his kitty brother, Binkie, were the first ones to spy them and claim them for their own. "I wouldn't try to ride those strange horses at once," said Mrs. Tabby wisely, when they ran to her with the news. "You do not know just how they will act, and you are apt to come to grief."

"I can ride anything that goes," said Tommy proudly, "and so can I," added Binkie. Mrs. Tabby tried to persuade them that they were going to have trouble, but it was no use. They were bound to take a ride, and upon the horizon, and grow slowly to their final grandeur. Even before they reach the horizon line, while yet invisible, they sometimes intimate their presence by signs in the sky and air, so slight, indeed, that only the practiced eye of the skillful sailor can detect them, though quite obvious to him."

Somewhat so it is with the Christian. He is upon the inland sea of mortal existence, girt by the great shores of eternity. Continually before him rise new sights and scenes. Some come out suddenly from behind objects which have long hidden them. Some are veiled in the clouds of Providential dealings, which are at once full of bright assurance and yet heavy with mystery, like banks of luminous mist. These give us no positive hint of what lies hidden, until, perchance, a fresh experience reveals the hidden, so that we can see the things that were hidden before. And these the mightiest experiences of the soul, though beginning in slight and unimportant ways, grow steadily to their final grandeur. As the bark nears the horizon-line of life though they are still invisible, their presence is intimated by the songs of unseen, but familiar voices, the calling of the angels and the whippers of the Spirit. So slight are they that we do not heed them, but only those who have the knowledge of the blessed Christ can discern them. —Revel. in Homiletic Review, November, 1894, p. 481.

In the way that He shall choose He shall teach us: Not a lesson we shall lose, All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed We may find it But the blessing that we need Is behind us.

All the lessons He shall send Are the sweetest, And His training in the end Is complete. —F. R. Havergal.

head of his, with his face in the dirt, just as you see in the picture. Binkie laid off and hurried back to poor Tom. He lay in the dirt, and his little furry body was strangely still. The tears came to Binkie's eyes, and as his mother hurried up to them he tried in vain to lift Tom. Just then Roly and Poly, who had rushed out after the runaway, came up to the little group, and Poly, who was big and strong, picked up poor Tom and carried him into the house.

Very quietly, Mrs. Tabby brushed the dirt away, and washed the little face, with its black nose, and very slowly, the eyes opened and Tommy looked about him. He saw his mother first, and then Poly, but to his surprise, Poly's eyes were filled with tears, and his mother did not scold him. "I was too sure, wasn't I mother," he said weakly, trying to grin in his best fashion, but it was a very crooked little smile. "I'll never be naughty again," he murmured as Poly carried him upstairs to his room.

And look out for you after this, added Poly solemnly.

Tommy was relieved that he was not hurt so badly, and even smiled at the two who had been such enemies before.

"I'm afraid your promise won't last Tom," she said, "but the lesson may have some effect. We'll see how you act while you are getting well."

Then Tommy really grinned just like himself, and shook his head. "If I am not good," he cuddled under the covers. "It won't be my fault—it will be just because I am Tommy—and I can't help that."

And he couldn't! Tomorrow story, "Tottie Tabby Plays Nurse to Tom."

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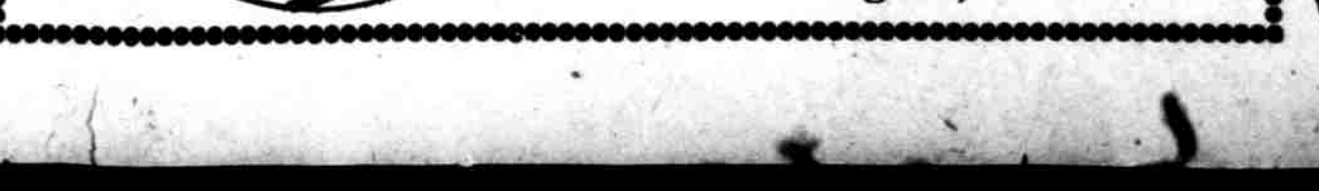
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